

# Psychotic Jedi Council Quake 2 Fest

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Summary: The Siths and the Jedis fragging each other in a Quake 2 Deathmatch...

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# \*\*Psychotic Jedi Council Quakefest\*\*

Obi-Wan and Qui-Gon are at loggerheads with Palpatine and Lord Sidious. The two parties agree to resolve the matter in the universally accepted way for intelligent beings. They hold a mother of a Quake 2 deathmatch and frag out their frustrations!

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\*\*About This Story\*\*

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My first attempt at writing something humorous. This is a one-off fic and has no long term implications on the Star Wars saga, neither mine nor George Lucas'. Neither is it supposed to make sense.

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\*\*Formal Disclaimer\*\*

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> <p><font>Valley of the Swords - Mike Batt<font>  
><br>

"Okay you guys, server's runnin..." Obi-Wan shouts as he steps back from the Jedi Council's mainframe computer. The despondent computer operator, whom refused him access to the server, sits bound to his chair, with duct-tape over his mouth, around his arms and his legs.

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Obi-Wan grins at him. "Now, don't try anything fancy, okay? I'll tear off the tape when the 'match is over."  
><br>

The operator curses through his nose. Obi-Wan ignores him and walks to the room next door.

"What level are you running, my padawan?" Qui-Gon asks.  
><br>

"I've put on Theed28, master Qui-Gon. It should be big enough to hold the players..."  
><br>

Qui-Gon nods as he boots up his IMac.  
><br>

"Bleepdibeeepbop!" R2D2 bleats as he does an uplink to the server. A 24 inch SuperVGA monitor is plugged into his auxiliary port. A "Force Feedback" four button mouse, a Microsoft UN-Natural Keyboard and a 50,000,000W PMPO Creative sound system... What more could Anakin wish for?  
><br>

Obi-Wan warns, pointing his finger, "R2, you are NOT allowed to help Anakin in the game. He must play for himself. You are only his host... Not his assistant"  
><br>

R2 bleeps angrily and tries to ram Obi-Wan, but the restraining bolt keep him locked in place.  
><br>

Obi-Wan mutters to himself, "Not that the kid needs any help. He is so fricken good..."  
><br>

"Mooie! My in Theed!" Jar Jar exclaims excitedly as the amber CRT flickers and he enters the game.  
><br>

Obi-Wan ignores him and walks to master Yoda. "A disturbance in the force, I feel!" The green goblin comments sarcastically.  
><br>

Just then, the phone rings. Obi-Wan picks up the handset and greets

friendly, "Yeah, what?"  
><br>

There is heavy breathing on the other side of the line as Darth Maul starts to speak. "Are you ready to die, you pathetic jedi worms? We are ready to kill you all! If you are not too scared to... you can connect us up now."  
><br>

Obi-Wan throws a zap at the phone and rams it down onto the table. He doesn't reply. He quickly dashes into the main computer room and does the uplink. The Bell and Howell 1200 bps modem lights up and the sith's central computer connects.  
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Obi-Wan cracks his knuckles and sits down at his laptop.  
><br>

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><br>

The messages pop onto their screens...

"Maulster Connected"

"Siddy Connected"

"Palpy Connected"

"Funny Bunny Connected"  
><br>

Obi-Wan frowns. "Now, who the hell is Funny Bunny?"  
><br>

He presses F1. Seems that Anakin plays with a Darth Vader model under the alias "Annie". Qui-Gon, being his boring self, plays with the bland sniper skin under the alias, "Qui-Gon Russian Vodka"  
><br>

Yoda has downloaded found a model of himself. Only thing is, it's passion pink. But, oh well. It's only a game anyway! He calls himself "Greeny".  
><br>

Jar Jar is still having trouble with his keys. "Bombad! Dissan unfair. Yous have five finger! My only have four!"  
><br>

"Three fingers I have, gungan. Complain you may NOT!"  
><br>

Jar Jar has chosen himself a Duke Nukem skin. He plays under the alias of "Mesa!".  
><br>

Obi-Wan comments sarcastically, "Yeah, I'm glad there's only one gungan in this game... We wouldn't know which is which!"  
><br>

Obi-Wan's eyes widen in sudden impulse, "Oh, curses!"  
><br>

Obi-Wan is gibbed in Amidala's throne room. An insulting message appears atop of his screen, "Maulster : Aaah, that feels so good! Can I do it again?"  
><br>

Obi-Wan sighs. "At least I can not check the aliases in peace."  
><br>

Maulster and Palpy all play with female skins. Why, he doesn't know. Sidy himself plays in a Santa Clause skin. Obi-Wan shakes his head in disbelief.  
><br>

Anakin shouts, "Die! Die! Die! Diiiiiiiiieeeeeee!!!!"  
><br>

He gibs Sidious with a Quad-Powered railgun through his head.  
><br>

"Beware of the dark side, young Anakin!" Qui-Gon warns him.  
><br>

"Shut up, you yellow belly camper!" Anakin shouts back at him.  
><br>

"Hey don't fight you guys! Were playing teams now! Leave that kind of thing for our free for all later on..."  
><br>

Jar Jar has finally figured out his keys and starts playing too, after giving away almost ten frags to the opposition.  
><br>

Qui-Gon is a camping spit. He crouches down in a dark corner, using his zoom function to scout the room. "Snap!" He pops Santa Clause through the forehead.  
><br>

Palpatine is admiring the beautiful architecture in the map, when the technicolour Yoda comes running at him with a rocket launcher.  
><br>

"AAAH!" He shouts, opening fire on Yoda with his chaingun.  
><br>

"Greeny was cut in half by Palpy's chaingun"  
><br>

Yoda tries to reassure himself as he re-spawns, "Fear lead to anger... Anger lead to hate... Hate is..." but he doesn't finish his sentence. A rocket whizzes past his head as Jar Jar discovers his firing button!  
><br>

"Ooops! Big doodoo!"

><br>

The rocket speeds along the passage and explodes in Funny Bunny's face.

><br>

Yoda picks up a quad damage. He blasts Darth Maul into tiny little smouldering fondu pieces with his double shotgun.

><br>

Jar Jar is suddenly caught in the crossfire between Anakin, Palpatine, Sidious, Yoda and Qui-Gon.

><br>

Obi-Wan shouts, "GET THE HELL OUT OF OUR WAY YOU IDIOT!!!"

><br>

Jar Jar ducks down. "How wude!" Five rockets and a slug pass over his head. He crouches out of the way and behind a staircase.

><br>

"Whatsa dees?"

><br>

Jar Jar grasps the BFG, not knowing what it is. He re-enters and fires blindly. The entire screen is strewn with guts as Jar Jar gibs everybody in the room.

><br>

"JAR JAR! IF YOU EVER DO THAT AGAIN I AM GOING TO KICK YOU OUT OF THE GAME. DO YOU HEAR ME?"

><br>

Jar Jar utters another, "How wude!"

><br>

He likes this gun. You don't have to aim with it... And he solemnly intends on using it again.

><br>

The pink Yoda pops from a corridor. Jar Jar almost blows him away, but doesn't. "Yoiks!! Yousa followin mesa okey de Pinkey?"

><br>

"Follow you, I will, gungan! But Greeny is my name!"

><br>

The two lone avengers trod down the palace hallway. Gibs lay strewn all over the floor from Jar Jar's last escapade.

><br>

Maulster rails Jar Jar in the back of the head.

><br>

"Bombad! How wude!"

><br>

He re-spawns outside the palace entrance, near the Theed waterfalls.

><br>

Master Yoda grabs the BFG and returns fire. Darth Maul jumps down from his camping site and falls to his death.

><br>

"Maulster's happy thought was not enough."

><br>

C3PO enters the room with refreshments. "Oh dear! It sounds like a war in here. R2? What is going on?"

><br>

"Bleepbeepdeppilibopbzzzz!"

><br>

"How silly! Sounds rather senseless to me!" He says as he places the coke (Coca Cola that is) on the table. Neither one of the seated seem to notice.

><br>

"Oh and you may thank me later..." C3PO replies sarcastically as he leaves the room, slamming the door behind him.

><br>

The scores are (for the best part) very close. Greeny, Maulster, OB2, Qui-Gon are only one or two frags apart, all around thirty. Anakin leads with 352 frags. Jar Jar has -66 frags to his name.

><br>

"My gettin de hang o dees!" Jar Jar comments excitedly as he pops Sidious with a grenade up his nose.... His score moves up to a phenomenal -65.

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Santa Clause breaks in half as Qui-Gon puts a slug into his chest. Jar Jar falls off the Theed Waterfalls and drowns, ultimately bringing his score to -72.

><br>

Anakin is enjoying this a lot. He has the best system and he is the best player, he gives the siths hell.

><br>

"Siddy : Come to the dark side, Anakin. Leave those losers and help us instead!"

><br>

"Qui-Gon Jinn : We can read your messages, Sidious!"

><br>

"Siddy : Oh."

><br>

"Whow! What is this?!?" Anakin exclaims.

><br>

"Mesa flying! Mesa Flying!" Jar Jar exclaims.  
><br>

The pink technicolour Yoda drifts in the sky above theed like a helium balloon. Funny Bunny pops him with a railgun, sending the gibs raining down onto theed.  
><br>

"Somone's playing with the gravity!" He Obi-Wan agonises.  
><br>

"OB2 is kicked from the game."  
><br>

Obi-Wan curses and throws back his chair. He dashes into the server room. The computer operator has managed to untie himself and his laughing his socks off in front of the game server.  
><br>

"You toss!" Obi-Wan shouts, reaching for his light sabre...

End  
file.